

windows to see who it is; as soon, I say, as the door is opened, up comes Mr. Alphabet, a very grave looking man, who acts as porter to the giant *Instructor*. "Pray, sir," says he, making a bow, "what is your business?" If you tell him that you have brought your son to see the castle; "You are very welcome," he says, but he will immediately ask you, "is he a good boy? does he love his book? does he say his prayers?" And several other questions of the same nature: "For my master," adds he, "will not suffer me to shew the rarities in this castle to any naughty children whatever." And, to speak the truth, many young gentlemen who were dressed as fine as a prince have been refused admittance, only because they were naughty: but if you answer in the affirmative, he directly shews you into a large hall with a chequered pavement of black and white marble, and then pulling out a primmer with fine gold coverlids and ivory leaves: "Come, my young master," says he, "If you are such a good boy

"boy as your papa tells me, I dare say you must know your letters, both the great and the small ones:" and with that he begins to ask the name of every letter as follows, both backwards and forwards, and all the cross ways he can think of.

The Letters are these:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q
R S T U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z &c.

He then proceeds to the double Letters:

at ft ft ft ft ft ft ft ft ft ft.

If your son should acquit himself here to Mr. *Alphabet's* satisfaction, he will next be examined in the simple syllables as follows.

C

ba